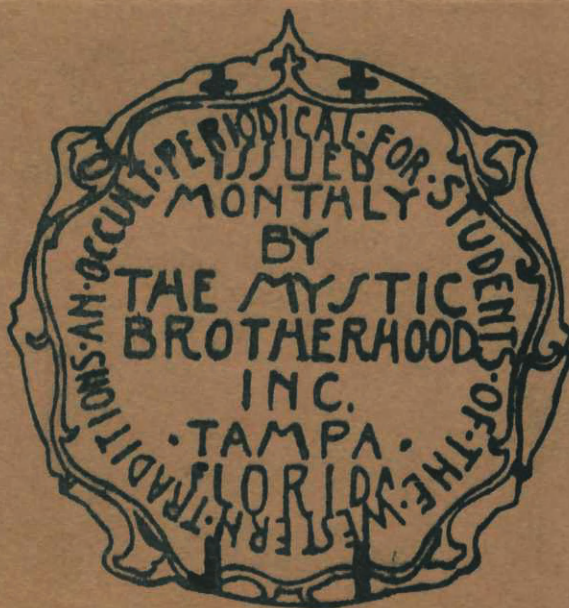




# The Mystic Messenger

J U L Y 1943

Vol. 10 No. 7





## MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS

Week of June 27th through July 3rd

MEDITATION....."With meekness, humility, and diligence, apply yourself to the duties of your condition. They are the seemingly little things which make no noise that do the business."

PRAYER....."My Father, teach me the value of little things. Show me how to consecrate the trifle. Show me how to make each moment light with Thy presence. May I glorify the day by redeeming every minute."

Week of July 4th through July 10th.

MEDITATION....."A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best."

PRAYER....."Mighty Helper, I would begin the work of each day with Thee. May my weaknesses reach out to Thy power, and whatsoever Thy will may be, may I have the strength to do it with ease and pure delight."

Week of July 11th through July 17th.

MEDITATION....."Blessed is he who carries within himself a God, an ideal, and who obeys it."

PRAYER....."God of my understanding, let Thy light shine within me, may I be a faithful ambassador for Thee. May my life bespeak Thy power and glory."

Week of July 18th through July 24th.

MEDITATION....."Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up, if thou wilt ever dig."

PRAYER....."Gracious Lord, May water from the fountain of all-goodness pour into my life in refreshing flood! May it cleanse me and revive me, restoring every virtue that I may be as a well watered garden, healthy and abundantly fruitful of good works."

Week of July 25th through July 31st.

MEDITATION....."Every self-conquest will mean peace."

PRAYER....."Great and Noble One, let me ever be master of the little self. May no storm of emotions disturb the inner calm where I am at-one with Thee."



IN MEMORY  
of

Sri Dayananda

our Beloved Founder

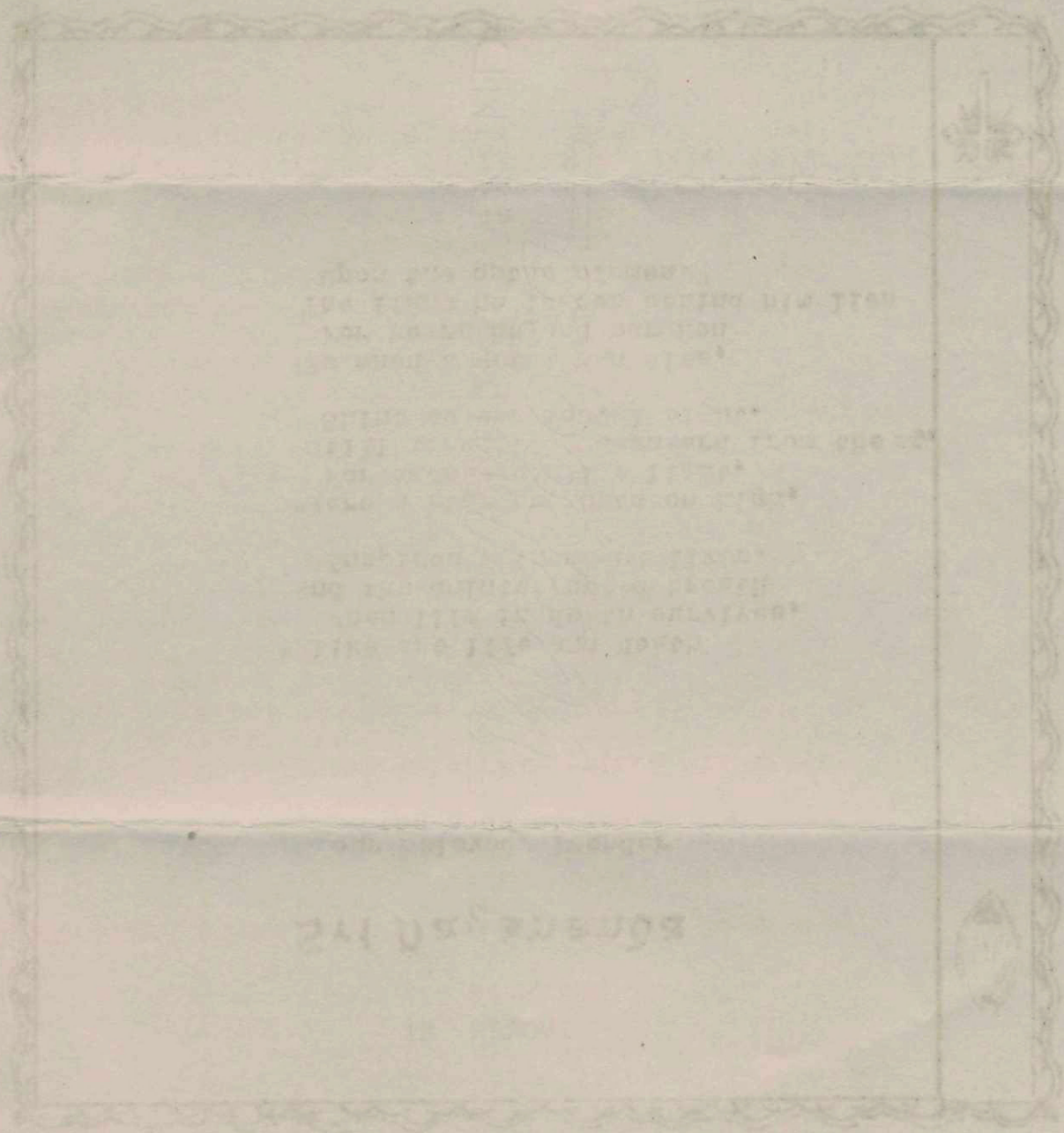
"Alike are life and death  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.

"Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.

"So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men."









# THE MYSTIC MESSENGER

The Mystic Messenger is a monthly periodical authorized by the Mystic Brotherhood as a channel for information of general interest to the students of the organization and articles of importance to followers of the Pathway of Western Occultism.....

"The paths to God are as many as the breaths of the sons of men."

Whether or not he consciously recognizes it, every normal human being has some ideal of God. An admirable quality or characteristic arouses our respect and we begin to look for its appearance, or others of like nature, and eventually we combine all we have noted, and therewith create the ideal which stands to us as an epitome of Power, Beauty and Goodness; our concept of God.

But we find this concept is not always the same as that of others. Other people have created their own gods, which may not partake of the nature of our gods, and where we find these confusions we tend to make comparisons, always in favor of our gods. It is a human tendency to exalt our own beliefs and make no effort to understand the ideals of others.

When we are consciously endeavoring to cultivate the Divine Self and place it in charge of the human self, we accept the fact that every constructive, every ennobling ideal man is capable of perceiving, every concept that contributes to his betterment in his time and

place, is a part of God. What matter if the outer forms are at variance with those we prefer? The gods of long forgotten races, the gods of others with whom we mingle and our own gods are one and the same and to all a common name is given.....Love. Primitive or developed, ancient or modern, narrow or broad, that which attracts and commands the respect which leads to awareness of Deity is love in some phase of expression.

The most hopeful and encouraging fact we can point to for the help and satisfaction of all the world is, that notwithstanding all the mistaken ideas, wilful perversions of truth, deliberate misuse of knowledge, Love must ultimately identify itself with Love, and Love for the beautiful, the true and the powerful, is love of God, the very substance of God. According to the strength and measure of our love shall we become identified with God, whether the object of our love be our fellowmen, an aspect of nature, or an abstract ideal.

Sri Veritus.





All metaphysical students are familiar with the term "planes" but it is surprising how

## THE PLANES AND THE PATH

few have a clear comprehension of functioning on the planes. There are some who think that the planes are places to which they go in psychic experiences, but otherwise have no part in their lives and their program of development. There are some who realize that the planes are states of consciousness, but have never related them with their personal efforts.

Let us see therefore, how these states of consciousness we refer to as planes correspond with the stages of the Path, as the earnest soul aspires to reach to the highest.

On the first or physical plane, the soul who has awakened to conscious cooperation with his evolutionary unfoldment starts out upon the Path. He at first seeks among material things and external conditions, delves into this and that, sometimes finding temporary satisfaction but never complete satisfaction. Being filled with hope and determination to find the "real thing" he comes to realize that what he seeks is "within" and not "without." It is a state of consciousness which he desires that is beyond the boundaries of the Physical plane.

So the soul finds this realization raising him to the next stage of the Path, the consciousness of the second or Astral Plane. Here the driving force of desire for personal advancement spurs him on, until gradually his attitude is refined and purified.

Then he finds himself on the next plane, the third, or Upper Astral, the stage where self-

interest is eliminated. Desire has lifted him to the Plane where consciousness has become

a universal out-look, rather than a personal one. Service it is found is not blind "doing" but conscious application of Cosmic principles to life.

There are many experiences, many tests at this stage for worthiness must be proven, knowledge must not only be gained but made workable. Eventually the soul finds consciousness raising to the next level.

This is the fourth or concrete mental plane, where consciousness is dedicated on the altar of truth. Many things which have been latent in the subconscious mind, spring into consciousness, there are realizations of Truths never before grasped. Great principles and laws, seem to take 'form', and life becomes measured against them. Values entirely change. This realization of the powers of the illumined mind raises consciousness again.

The soul now finds itself on the fifth plane of abstract principles. At the present stage of humanity's evolution few can reach this stage of consciousness except for fleeting moments. It requires that one transcend the individuality and function actively through the personality. This brings with it a power that leads to the next stage of the Path.

On the Sixth plane, the soul transcends the mental 'form' and attains a state of consciousness through which the 'force' of pure Spirit can be contacted, the ultimate attainment of consciousness on the Seventh Plane and unity with the Godhead.



"There is always the sunshine,  
only we must do our part,  
we must move into it."

"Life is a mirror; if you frown  
at it, it frowns back; if you  
smile, it returns the greeting."



### *"Distant Places"*

The sun shone brightly on the carpet of green grass, a cool little breeze lightly rippled through the leaves of a spreading tree, whose shadow was beginning to draw an entrancing pattern of deep emerald on the expanse of sunlit lawn. From near by a languid voice remarked, "How lovely it must be at the beach today.....how I'd like to be able to spend a week there and come home with a glorious golden tan." Yet right there before her the sun shone, the same rays freely offering their tint of gold and a soft green carpet stretched out invitingly.

Poor soul.....afflicted with the "appeal-of-distant-places".. what lay at hand could not be seen.

How many of us are pitifully blinded to the things that we have by the glamour of the very same thing, seen from a distance. A trick of the mischief-maker "discontent" makes the "something desired" look different, new, fascinating, when it is just beyond our reach, yet like the sun at the beach it may be the very same as that shining down before us.

Maybe you have been envying someone who has an exciting job to do, while yours is just humdrum.. have you ever thought that maybe someone else thinks that yours is a most desirable opportunity? Why not try taking an exciting spirit to your job, whatever it may be? Brush away the dust of "sameness" and see what a shining thing it can be if you polish it a bit with enthusiasm. Everything is important in its place, and there

are countless ways of making an ordinary task a pleasure to perform. You can sweep a room with the idea of getting a disagreeable chore done as soon as possible, or you can delight in transforming untidiness into sparkling order. You can plan as you sweep a little "extra" something you are going to add to crown your completed work, perhaps a kitchen bowl whose deep rich color you had never noticed before placed where it will reflect a gleam of light.....a flower beside a book.....call on the imagination, an endless variety of "newness" can be achieved. In the noise of the factory you can find music, a strong, dynamic surge of sound, as intricate machinery follows the guidance of many hands and minds in perfect harmony. In the office, in the store... "where" and "what" doesn't matter, it's "how" you do your job.

We need to follow the child's example and "play-like" this is not the same old familiar surroundings, the same people, whose every habit and even thought we think we know.....let's make them strangers for awhile, with depths we have never explored! We may find in them that same "shining center" we thought only our "ideals" possessed!

There is thrill and adventure in taking life in your hands and making something lovely, something stimulating, something fine of it, in making the "here and now" as glowing as "the distant places."



## Gleanings from Student Letters

God has my life all planned  
In His own way  
He holds in His hand  
Each coming day;  
That way I may not see,  
I cannot know  
It is enough for me  
He planned it so.

Robert F. Swain, F.M.B.

The place where I have been standing for some time has been clearing, and now I find that from this point of observation I am no longer looking from cause to effect but from effect to cause, and from this point of view I see a perfect plan far beyond speech; an answer to all questions...that we are in the process of involution to evolution.

Now I also see that it is really not necessary to stretch beyond one's self to grow or to receive wisdom; it is really within, this to me is a wonderful realization that we are like a flower and as we grow in understanding our petals open one by one, and as each petal opens the light of wisdom and its mysteries are revealed to us and not before.

I have learned this meaning also, that no one can give us anything unless we earn it; you have repeatedly said that all you can do for us in your lessons was to point out the way but we would have to work. Intuitively I seem to know all this but in the past it was not clear, but now I accept it as a very natural fact. My whole universe has a different aspect. I know why I have been guided as I have and held so fast in this life, as much as I tried to break loose. I could not, but was made to go through a very in-harmonious life. I am thankful now that a very firm hand held me because through it I have learned one of the most wonderful lessons that Wisdom teaches and could never have learned any other way,

except going through life's problems. I see now that light does not come any other way.

Rose Hotchkiss.

I do so love a Garden,  
the Garden of the soul;  
Where Peace and Reverence reign  
supreme and sin can take no toll.

I plant within this Garden-  
the Garden of the soul;  
The seeds of love and Kindness  
the Spirit's Perfect Goal.

I walk within this Garden  
with Christ - the soul's pure  
Light, and with His help, I water,  
prune and cultivate with might.

I reap within the Garden my  
Soul's sincere desire, as to "my  
Father" I do look and with my Lord  
aspire Unto the Life Abundant  
which Christ our Lord proclaimed,  
As He blessed the Garden of my  
Soul in God's most Holy Name.

I carry forth the fragrance from  
the flowers gathered there  
And love and watch them tenderly  
until God's Fruit they bear.

Lettie Warner, F.M.B.

I have a lot to learn yet  
I must discipline myself continually, because "The Path is narrow" and I am apt to stray on each side unless I obey the laws. I find it is much harder to form a good habit in order to break a bad habit, than it was to make the bad habit, in the first place. About the best way that I have found, the most effective, is to picture myself as a little person who needs help along the path and then to picture my higher consciousness, as my true self, who will help the little person to obey the laws. All the time I try to know that I must perfect myself first, before I can truly aid anyone else.

Frank S. Baldwin.



Cuthbert was seated in the cavern before the wise, old man who had taught him Truths beyond the ken of those who travelled not upon the path. He had learned the secret of birth and death, of the plan behind the slow march of evolution, and of the way to master the Unseen world.

Now he fingered the heavy chain that had been welded about his neck when he was a child, the fellow to those worn by all the people in the land.

"You tell me the wearing of it is superstition, and is not by Wodin's command?" he whispered in awe as the Great Truth sank into his consciousness.

"Then why do you yourself wear a chain?"

"Because it is the law," the man of wisdom answered. "Some day people will search for Truth, as you have done, and then the law will be changed."

"Is there no way we can compel people to stop wearing their chains?" Cuthbert asked

"There is a way, my son, but it is a secret that is given only to the Initiate who is able to use it wisely."

"Then give it to me!" he cried, "I have made my dedication in the dark of the new moon and the light of the full moon. I am bound forever to the service of the Master and to Mankind."

"Know, then, that on the far side of the Dark Tower is an engraving buried deep beneath the moss of years. It tells you the way."

Wild with hope, Cuthbert hurried toward the Dark Tower. Exulting, triumphant, happy it was for him to save his fellow from superstition and to free them from their chains.

On the way he met Carl, his

## THE CHAINS OF MEN

By.....Alan Emley

foster-brother, the fair-haired youth who was studying for the priesthood, and

whom Cuthbert loved beyond all men.

"Carl," Cuthbert exclaimed in a low voice, "the chain" that binds you will soon be loosed forever!"

"What do you mean?"

Briefly Cuthbert explained, but Carl drew back in terror; his eyes filled with tears and he cried aloud: "Cuthbert, this is blasphemy!"

Strong in his wisdom, Cuthbert hurried onward. It was for such as Carl that he labored.

When he reached the Dark Tower he scraped away the moss and read the words of a rude and ancient rune:

"Ye, who would rid Mankind from superstition's power, at midnight loose a golden arrow at the Dark Tower."

There was more to the inscription, but Cuthbert did not wait to read. He hurried to the goldsmith. Here he learned that a golden arrow cost far more guilders than he possessed, but he gave all that he had and pledged himself to work for many years. No sacrifice was too great, he thought, for the work he had been chosen to do.

It was midnight when he approached the Dark Tower. Heavy clouds had gathered in the sky. A crooked dagger of lightning pierced the gloom. With trembling hands Cuthbert fitted the golden arrow to the string of his bow. Drawing it far back he loosed the shaft with a silent prayer. As though in answer a wierd cry rang through the night; the cry of one in terror or in agony.

The chain about Cuthbert's neck fell to the ground, yet that scream had chilled his heart, and he turned and ran, he knew not why.

(continued on page 6.)



(continued from page 5)

## BLESSING FOR A LETTER

The storm broke as he gained the safety of his chamber, and he remained till dawn touching the place where the chain had been, thanking Wodin that it was gone, and yet the torment of uncertainty was upon him.

The storm had ended and the sun was rising in a clear sky when Cuthbert went out into the streets. People were going to their work with happy faces and glad songs. The chains no longer hung about their necks, but heavy, iron bands had been fastened around their feet. They stumbled as they walked.

"Cuthbert," they cried, "you must go to the smith at once, the priests have learned that wearing a chain around the neck is superstition. Wodin has given them new revelations and now they know we are to wear these holy bands around our feet."

Sadly Cuthbert went to the Dark Tower. In the clear light of day the part of the inscription he had failed to read gleamed as though carved in letters of flame:

"Archer, beware e'er ye loose shaft of gold! Lead on to the new e'er ye destroy the old. If ye free from nine ye are bound by ten; the chains of men are forged by men."

Cuthbert stared at the foot of the Dark Tower. Lying there was Carl, his foster-brother, the fair-haired youth whom he loved beyond all men.

A golden arrow was buried deep within the young man's heart.

"Dear Letter, go upon your way o'er mountain, plain and sea; God bless all those who speed your flight - where I wish you to be; and bless all those beneath the roof - where I would bid you rest; but bless the more the one to whom in love you are addressed."

Emma Whittaker, F. M. E.

## KEEPING FRIENDS

Friendship is worth taking trouble about. It is one of the things about which we should remember the apostle's command, "Hold fast that which is good." Thoreau said, "The only danger in friendship is that it will end." Correspondence and conversation and social courtesies are the ways in which we throw guards around our friendships lest they end. A man who loses a friend for want of a letter now and then is like the man who loses his money for lack of a pocketbook. He is losing a very precious thing for lack of a very little expense and trouble. How carefully Jesus selected the close circle of His friends, and how watchfully He guarded their mutual friendship after He had selected them. The friend who sticketh closer than a brother is always one who has taken some trouble in the matter of his friendships. Let us be careful that we do not go through life with holes in our pockets through which our friendships slip.

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